

# For the YOUNG PEOPLE

## The Friend of Christopher Columbus

EARLY the little town of Palos overlooking the sea, stood the convent of Santa Catalina. It was built on a lovely height covered with dark pine trees that made a pretty background to the low, white convent building.

Here the good Friar Juan Perez de Marchena had retired to spend his last days after a useful life as Father Confessor to the Court of Queen Isabella of Spain.

And what do you think Friar Juan Perez de Marchena has to do with the discovery of America? Quite a good deal you will see if you read this story.

One day there appeared at the convent gates a poor traveller, dusty and fatigued, leading by the hand a small boy of five or six.

"We will rest here, little Diego," said the man sadly. "Mayhap the good Friars will at least give charity to the man that all Portugal and Italy has laughed to scorn for his mad visions."

Little Diego, of course, could hardly understand the bitterness in the heart of his father, but he put up his chubby hand to pat the big brown one holding his.

"The good Friars will surely spare us a little bread, father," said the child hopefully. "I shall run and knock at the gate. Ah, there is a Friar now, standing in the garden. What a kind face he has. Shall we not ask him to help us?"

The Friar who was no other than Friar Juan de Perez Marchena, did not wait to be asked to give his charity, but came forward and bade the travellers welcome. He gave them bread and wine and stood watching them as they took the food to a small eminence overlooking the sea that little Diego had chosen as a pleasant spot.

"Below we can watch the ocean and you can tell me some of your stories, father, about your adventures in the strange lands that I can't see however hard I look, 'away out yonder.'"

"A sailor," mused the good Friar, gazing after the two. "But no common sailor, I can see that. What a noble brow, more like a scholar than a man who lives by the toll of his hands."

Perhaps it was with this thought in his mind that Friar Juan followed the travellers. He paused a moment in the shade of the pines contemplating the picture of the thoughtful sailor and his little son who rested his head confidently on his father's knee.

"What a fine view, my little Diego," said the sailor. "Some day when you are grown, you too, will love the fair ocean."

"I love it now," said the boy. "And I am not afraid, like the landmen are of the sea-serpents and the fiery mists that they believe out there. I was telling the cobbler's son while you were having my shoe mended down there at Palos how the world was round as you have told me, but he wouldn't believe me, even after I told him you said it." Diego shook his head.

His father smiled.

"And so you told the cobbler's son the world was round because I said so, little Diego? But look, yonder is the proof. Over the horizon, that sail coming up—higher and higher until you can see the whole ship. How could that be if the world were flat?"

"Little Diego looked where a bright sail came up out of the sea, growing larger and more complete as it came forward. I don't fancy the little boy could really understand his father's reasoning as you can today, but he nodded.

"I'll show the cobbler's son that I ever see him again," he promised.

Though, when I see him again I might be bigger and stronger and then let him laugh at what I say if he dares!"

Here, Friar Juan, who had stood listening and who understood far better than the little boy the lesson of the ship, came forward.

"Pardon me," he said. "I could not help but pause to listen to your words and I am much interested in your theory. I would like to hear more of it. I am Friar Juan de Perez Marchena."

"I am Christopher Columbus," said the traveller. "From Italy and late from Portugal, where I have been endeavoring to persuade the King to fit me ships to prove my theory of a westward track to India and—"

"Ah, I have heard of you, my friend, Columbus! What a chance that you are here! Perhaps, who knows? I may be able to help you. Come, tell me more of your plans."

What good news that was to Columbus you may be sure! For he had been laughed at in Portugal—then the greatest shipping country—for thinking to sail around the world when everybody else believed the world to be flat!



Little Diego Looked Where A Bright Sail Came Up Out Of The Sea

## COLUMBUS DAY

OCTOBER Twelfth's Columbus Day—

Americans their tribute pay To him who sailed the ocean blue In far-off 1492.

Columbus—finder of our land— Set sail with his adventuring band; To India's shores the craft he bound, Believing that the earth was round.

The jeers and jibes and mocking word He stood as if he had not heard; And turning from the shores of Spain, He sailed upon the billowy main.

His heart beat high with hope and prayer, He heeded not his men's despair; But steered his boat toward India's aid With faith and trust placed in his God.

And when the crew was gripped with fear— Just then a friendly shore loomed near; And when they'd landed on the shore Columbus thanked his God once more—

That he had lived to see the day When he could find a shorter way To India—He thought that he Had sailed around to India's sea.

But we, today, who celebrate, Know that it was a kindly fate That led him to our land that we Might live where all men can be free.

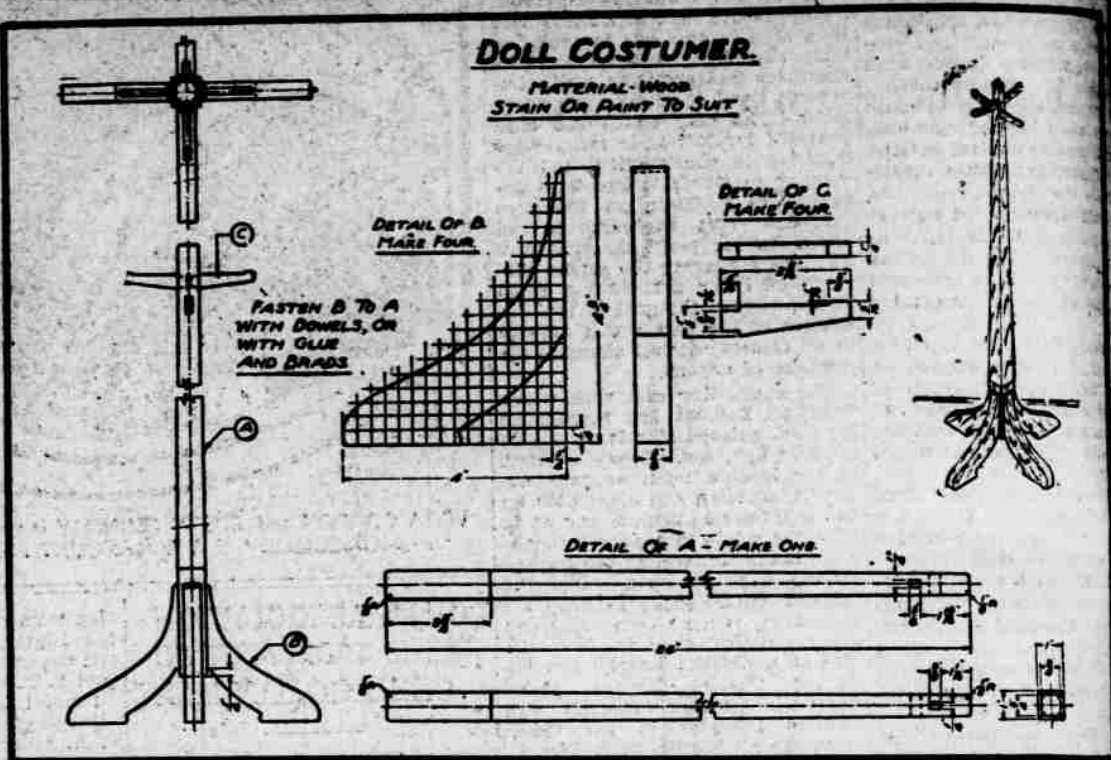
Good Friar Juan was much impressed by Columbus' theories and lost no time in dispatching a message to the Queen. In fact, the histories tell us the good man borrowed a mule and rode himself to lay Christopher's plans before her.

I need not tell how, after much delay and waiting almost to despair the good Queen determined to sell her jewels in order to aid the brave adventurer. You have heard that story many times. But now you see how Friar Juan first by his act of charity to a poor, unknown traveller, and afterward by his earnest solicitude in the cause of Columbus has a claim upon our gratitude for all time.

How deeds of kindness grow! Let us not forget Friar Juan, who in the moment of discouragement and failure gave Columbus new hope! He did not know when he gave Columbus bread he was feeding the hopes of a Continent, or that his kind words and deeds to a stranger would make his name live forever.

## TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR  
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LAST Christmas this little costumer was designed and made for a little girl who was at the same time presented with a very nice and the maker received so many compliments on the design. It is given here with the thought that many boys will wish to make one for their sisters.

The choice of wood may be left entirely to the maker. If it is to match any piece of doll furniture, choose a wood that will best take the treatment necessary to give the desired results.

Suppose we get out the stock for the upright. Plane it to one inch square and then cut to the required length. Locate the point from the bottom end where the piece starts to taper, then draw a pencil line all the way around—that is, on each of the four sides. A knife line should not be used to do this, as it will make a mark in the wood that will not come out.

unless you plane beyond the point the taper should start at. Plane the taper very carefully so that the small end is not less than the dimension called for.

After the taper is finished, lay out and cut the mortises for the pegs. Be sure that the mortise is cut at right angles to the sides of the piece of stock. Owing to the taper of the upright, the mortises will not be in one straight line, though the difference in direction is very slight—so slight that it is not shown on the drawing.

As there are four of B to be made, it will be well to make a pattern from some stout paper. Then trace each one in turn on the stock from which they are to be cut. Make your pattern just as well as you possibly can. Lay on the wood so the grain will run in the direction that will give the greatest strength to each piece. Cut each one very carefully with your plane, saw, though you must remember that it is a very delicate tool and careless work will cause it to break.

The pegs may be made next. They could well be developed in the same way the other parts were. Be careful to get the shoulders of the tenon square with the edges, otherwise you will have trouble in getting good fitting joints.

All parts should be carefully sanded, particularly so if the wood you are using is to be stained. Unless great care is taken with the end grain of the pieces, the stain will show much darker than on other portions.

Painting makes a very attractive finish, white or gray particularly. If you should be fortunate enough to have a sister or a mother who does any painting, you may be able to get them to develop a tiny stencil for use in decorating the upright.

Little sister will think this a very interesting part of her playroom.

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## ONE GOOD TURN

ONE day as Jennie Davis was walking through the woods carrying a large empty basket, she heard a queer sound and a rustling noise in the thicket close by. At first she thought it was some bird—like the chirp—scratching for worms, or perhaps a chipmunk. But there was a difference which she was quick to notice.

"I'll see," thought she, and began to make her way cautiously in the direction of the sound.

As she drew closer and parted the bushes what did she spy but a small black and white creature struggling in a steel trap?

"I bet Bob did this!" she exclaimed, "and it's not open season either."

She came close and looked at the unfortunate little beast. It was a beautiful cat, whose hind foot was fastened in the cruel jaws of the trap. It looked up with piteous eyes and Jennie's kind heart was touched. "I'll free you!" she exclaimed. In another minute she had opened the trap. But instead of running off the cat fell over on its side as if quite exhausted and ready to die.

"Poor kitty!" exclaimed Jennie. Just then she heard someone coming through the woods. Bob Board! Jennie knew Bob well and the better she knew him the less she liked him. That was the kind of fellow Bob was.

A big bluffer and bully who was "just born kind of sneaky," so the other boys said.

Jennie figured that the cat she had just rescued would find little mercy at the hands of the bully, so quick as a flash she seized the poor animal and put it in the bottom of her basket covering it with the rapkin with which her mother had covered the delicious leaves she had just taken to Grandma Davis. Then she hurried off as fast as she could.

When Bob reached his trap and found the bait gone and tracks around, he shouted angrily: "Hi, there! What d'ye mean stealing my animal!"

"What do you mean setting traps at this time of year?" replied Jennie, running as fast as she could.

"Wait till I catch you!" cried Bob revengefully.

Jennie had a little start but Bob was older and could have caught up with her easily had she not made straight for the main road and come out just in time to hail a passing car. The driver of the car stopped good-naturedly and let the girl get in beside him and off they sped. What if it was in the wrong direction? Jennie had a quarter and she planned to ride back on the trolley which passed her father's place.

"Say, young lady," said the driver, "where do you want to go?"

"Oh, just a little way," replied Jennie.

"You're right," said the man, "and



Well, Give It Here! Replied Bob, Snatching The Basket

## The VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS

IN the city of Madrid there is kept in safe keeping a precious volume which the guide who is taking you about the city will tell you with awe in his voice that "It is the book of the great Christopher Columbus," and there you can see in his own handwriting the story of the voyage that Columbus made when he discovered this great land of ours. It is a diary or day book in which the sailor wrote down just what happened on each day of his journey in his attempt to reach India. Let us look through the old volume and see what stands out in this memorable trip.

On August 3rd, 1492, three little sailing vessels left the harbor of Palos in Spain. At first Columbus noted his expedition which he knew would prove to the wisemen of the world that the earth was round and not flat as they believed. But feeling quickly gave way to one of uneasiness, for Columbus feared trouble with his men who very soon lost courage and wished to return to land. When on the third day out the Pinta was in distress—her rudder hung loose. Columbus knew that his distrust of the men was well founded for he suspected that the sailors had damaged the boat in order to force a return, and he knew that this was but a foretaste of trouble to come. A faithful sailor came to the rescue and bound the rudder fast with cord and by careful sailing this makeshift was made to hold until the Canary Islands were reached. Once there Columbus sought to find a stronger boat, but after waiting three days in vain search he decided to make the best of his frail vessel and once more he put to sea.

The sailors were a superstitious lot, and everything they saw they took as a bad omen—a dead omen, the passing of a wreck, the wavering of the compass needle, the passage of strange birds, a weird glow in the Southern sky—all these filled the sailors' minds with fears and apprehension and Columbus had much to do to keep up their courage and spirits as well as his own. Columbus described the finding of a live crab on some floating weeds. He picked the crab up and took care of it.

From the 14th of September on, many birds were seen and these brought hope to the men that land

was near, but though they sailed straight on for many days no land was sighted. The men lost hope and faith. They plotted to throw their leader into the sea and return to Spain. Columbus knew of this plotting, but tried to deal as patiently and as kindly with the men as he could. Once a false cry of "Land" was given, but despair quickly followed this unfounded hope. Strange sights kept the sailors' minds amused for a time. Dolphin and flying fish played about the boats and fell upon the decks. But after a time even these amusements failed to put down the bad feeling of the crew, and one night they rose against Columbus and tried to force his return. But Columbus remained firm and it was with great difficulty that he forced them to submit to his will.

The next day brought more certain signs of land and the men again gathered courage. Fresh river weeds drifted by the boat. Inland fish swam by, a branch of a tree with berries on it floated near, they picked up a piece of cane, and a board and a stick with strange signs cut upon them. In order to keep up the sailors' spirits a reward was offered to the first man who should see land, and with these signs floating all about them each sailor hoped to be the first and keen interest was excited among the crew. At sunset their course was due west.



Everyone was on the alert. No man on board the three ships went to sleep that night. When it grew dark Columbus took his place on the top of the cabin.

All at once, about 10 o'clock he thought he saw a light far off. He called to the man at his side. He thought he saw it, too. They called for the mate. Yes, he, too, was sure he saw the same—and then it disappeared, and soon they all saw it again. It might be a torch in the bark of some fisherman rising and sinking with the waves. It might be a light moving on the shore—carried by a man. Surely, they were near land!

What words can tell the joy Columbus knew? Two hours after this a gun was fired from the Pinta, the signal that land was seen. It was clearly in view now. They took in sail and waited for full daylight.

What need to tell more of Columbus' record? You all know how he planted his flag upon the shore and knelt down to give thanks to God for safe guidance across a strange and dangerous sea. You know how the Red men took Columbus for a god and bowed before him. And you all know that the land Columbus reached was not the India of his plans but our own America where we in the United States live today enjoying peace, freedom and prosperity.



## Puzzle Corner

### A FOLD-UP

BY WALTER WELLMAN



The correct solution will give the day of a great discovery.

1. Where kings dwell.
2. Meek and gentle.
3. A stipend.
4. An explanation.
5. A financial allowance.
6. An Egyptian bird.
7. A nut bearing tree.
8. Where criminals are kept.
9. To cut off.
10. A carnival march.
11. A bright color.

**BEHEADING AND CURTAILINGS**  
Behead and curtail the backbones and leave an instrument for holding things together.  
Behead and curtail earthy substance and leave to speak incoherently.  
Behead and curtail an animal noise and leave what we do with ears.  
Behead and curtail a species of pain

and leave a mountain goat.  
Behead and curtail a book of accounts and leave the rim of anything.  
Behead and curtail a necktie and leave a vehicle.

**ANSWERS**  
ZIG-ZAG  
Castle  
Ocellus  
Larynx  
Excuse  
Incense  
Scarab  
Wainut  
Prison  
Redness  
Parade  
Yellow

**BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS**  
Spine-pin; gravel-rare; growth-row; cramp-ramp; ledger-edge; scarf-car.

**ANSWER—COLUMBUS**

could leave the poor animal in the trap."

Bob said nothing, only bit his lip as he fitted the old crutches under his arms, but just as they reached his home he said sheepishly: "I ain't goin' to set any more traps, Jennie."

"Oh, Bob, I'm awful glad!" Jennie replied.

But there was more behind what he had said than she thought. Bob had decided in his own mind not to be the meanest boy in the village. "Cause," he thought, "any time something might happen to a feller and what's the use having every other feller hating you?"